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Draft

JOHN the PAINTER's
G H O S T.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE.]

JOHN THE PAINTER
T H E C H O I C E

[LITERATURE AND CHARMING AND SUSPENSE.]

(written (James) X)

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JOHN the PAINTER's G H O S T:

H O W

HE APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF HIS EXECUTION

T O

L O R D T E M P L E;

A N D

HOW HIS LORDSHIP DID COMMUNICATE THE SAME AT FULL
COURT, TO THE ASTONISHMENT

O F

A L L P R E S E N T:

N O W

PARTIALLY, AND CIRCUMSTANTIALLY RELATED.

L O N D O N:

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M,DCC,LXXVII.

JOHN THE FAVOURITE

THE HISTORY OF JOHN THE FAVOURITE
COMMISSIONED BY HIS MASTERS

THE EMPEROR JOHN

HOW JOHN OBEYED THE COMMAND OF THE EMPEROR AT LAST
COURT TO THE ASTORIANUS

THE FAIR JOHN

THE FAIR JOHN, OR CLOTHES WHICH KILLED HIM

JOHN

JOHN, THE FAIR, OR CLOTHES WHICH KILLED HIM



P R E F A C E.

THE Scotch hang their heads, and endeavour to blush for the disgrace which John the Painter hath brought upon them ; and tho' the man was born in Edinboro', and educated in Herriot's Hospital, yet they say----it might be---but he went so young to America, that he imbibed new tenets and sentiments, by the transmarine expedition. This subterfuge is evaded, by proving, that he was bound apprentice to a Painter at fifteen, served seven years, and two years after the expiration of his apprenticeship, he went to James Town, in Virginia, at the full age of twenty-five.----Now, the Scotch blush for the conduct of their countryman ; yet, I think, they blush without occasion, when we reflect, that the natural disposition of a Scotsman, is, cunning---duplicity---rapine---and rebellion. The earliest times of these

A

kingdoms

kingdoms have proved these assertions ; the civil war in America confirms it ; and the deposing of Lord Pigot, in India, puts it beyond a doubt. But where the Scotch condemn, I acquit : and I rather look on James Aitken to have been an honour to his race, than a disgrace.--- He was a fellow of penetration, sense, and observation--- prone to commit every violent deed to aggrandize his wealth, or satiate his passions, a strong republican in principle, an Enthusiast in religion, and a Quixote in romance. His robberies were committed on the ancient plan of Clanism, which formerly taught every Scot to strip his neighbour for his convenience, if he was the strongest.---I must contradict one circumstance relative to this daring robber, and *inflammable*, who wished to be made immortal, like him that burnt the Temple of Ephesus. Mr. James Gambier, the Commissioner of Portsmouth Yard, gives you more new dying speeches of John the Painter,---tho' these were his last nervous, and pathetick expressions.---“ *I left England with a desire of seeing foreign countries. I fixed on America, and I liked its people; but when England, the Parent State, grew unnatural in her persecutions, I resolved to achieve some great mischief in revenge to her barbarity.* ”

" barbarity ; and as she had brought fire, sword,
" rapine, murder, rapes, and ruin among her Colonies,
" I determined, individually, to burn the Docks of
" Plymouth and Portsmouth, for by crippling the fleet,
" I should prevent a further progress against America,
" ---such were my determinations. In principle, I am a
" Republican. I hate all Kings of all nations and denomi-
" nations."---These were the concluding words in the
life of James Aitken ; and when the man and his motives
are considered, people may determine those opinions as
strike their senses ; for my part, I think he acted like a
Scot, and with more reputation, than many who have
appeared with fair characters. But he is hanged, and
his Ghost is unappeased ; but why, I leave the *Cardinal*
Prelate, the A---b---- of C-----, to determine.

J O H N

President of the American Geographical Society; but also I leave the Committee of Correspondence with their carriage. But he is bound, however, to give me his reasons for his action; and with those reasons I shall have to do.

JOHN the PAINTER's GHOST.

" 'T WAS at the silent solemn hour,
" When Midnight takes her seat;
" In glided *John the Painter's Ghost*,
" And stood at TEMPLE's* feet."

His meagre face was black as night,
As one devoid of hope ;
And clay-cold was his shrivell'd hand,
Which held the fatal rope.

* Lord Temple was the Nobleman who brought James Aitken to trial, by employing one Baldwin, a Painter, who worked at his house at Stowe, to pretend to be an accomplice, by which means, he got a confession of the whole business from him.

A man so spiritless and wan,

(If ancient story's true)

Prefag'd the fall of mighty Troy,

And *Priam's** curtains drew.

So shall each traitor's face appear,

When youth and years are flown;

Such was the visage *Lovet* † wore,

The foe of England's Crown.

Malice had, like the canker-worm,

Consum'd his early prime :

The chord he wore around his neck,

Had kill'd him ere his time.

* A man so pale, so wan, so spiritless,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt,
But Priam found the fire---ere he his tongue.

SHAKESPEARE.

† Lord Lovet, beheaded on Tower-Hill, when a very old man, for being concerned in the Scotch Rebellion of 1745, against the brave, honest, and illustrious George the Second. He endeavoured to impeach his own son to save himself. The present Gen. F---- is lineally descended from his august loins.

Awake

Awake, he cried, *Lord Temple* wake!

I, from the midnight grave,

Am come to break thy hours of rest,

And make thee madly rave.

This is the dark and solemn hour,

When injur'd Ghosts complain;

When yawning tombs resign their dead,

To haunt the sons of Cain.*

Bethink thee, *Temple*, of thy crime,

Who could ignobly fee

A menial + servant, to untwine

My thread of destiny.

But thou hast all thy venom spent,

And reak'd thy vengeance dire,

Upon a dull and mortal corse,

Whose soul defies thy ire.

* The Ghost is supposed to have used the race of Cain in this part of his speech, as being a profligate and flagitious people.

+ Baldwin worked as a Painter with Lord Temple.

For

For tho' my body hangs in chains,^{I believe} ~~now~~ A

Exalted in the air;^{him selfe} ~~now~~ I

Yet shalt thou, *Temple*, nightly meet^{land of影子} ~~now~~ A

With hours of sad despair.^{land of影子} ~~now~~ A

Thee will I haunt for seven sad weeks,^{ab out of sight} T

Thee will I grieve in dream;^{and W}

And *John the Painter's* woes shall be^{gaiety} ~~now~~ W

Thy ever waking theme.^{land of影子} ~~now~~ T

O hadst thou turn'd thy wayward thoughts^{bliss on W} ~~now~~ A

To culprits of the State,^{bliss on W}

An hundred gibbets thou hadst grac'd,^{and innocent A}

With Courtiers small and great.^W

Is there not ancient *John of B---*,^{the first Duke} ~~now~~ A

Who boasts of lineage high;^{now} ~~now~~ A

"*Not us from * Kings--but Kings from us,*"^{now} ~~now~~ U

So fam'd in ancestry;^{the last stand} ~~now~~ W

* The Motto of the Earl of Bute's Arms.

Is he not sprung from *Stuart* blood,

The tutor of thy King ?

And for those precepts he instill'd,

Should not the caitiff swing ?

Is there not *S-----*, wicked wight,

Who rul'st the sea and storms ;

Who has destroy'd the English fleet,

More than her deadliest worms.

Has he not promis'd love and truth,

Nor did his promise keep ;

Has he not sworn a thousand oaths,

Then left the Dame to weep ?

Has he not ruin'd many maids,

Seduc'd the loving wife ?

Has he not damn'd the widow's peace,

To ev'ry grief of life ?

[10]

Has not the tenour of his days

Been one infernal blot?

Then since his vice on record stands,

A gallows be his lot!

Say, shall lank L----n escape,

So emulous to sin?

Who with his *Sancho Panza** wades,

To crimes---through thick and thin.

Shall he---because his stains are deep,

Receive the royal smile;

And plead the measures of the Court,

To blast this flow'ry isle?

Shall all this be---and all escape,

And wretched I---your theme;

While vices blossom in the Sun,

And glide like Thames his stream.

* The flashing author of the Diaboliad, makes the translator of Semiramis his Lordship's pimp and parasite, but without any propriety or truth, for he is certainly too green and raw a youth to be so initiated in vice, tho' he may have studied under so great and able a master.

Shall

Shall he who risk'd Old England's faine,
 On Minden's bloody plain,
 Bear honours thick upon his breast,
 And for them call'd *Germain.*

Now, *Temple*, pray attend this truth,
 Which *Durnford** can't deny ;
 No vows for *George* escap'd my mouth,
 I died---without one lie.

I'm a Republican in mind,
 All Monarchs bear my hate ;
 I never blest in prayer a King,
 Or Minister of State.

But hark ! the Cock has warn'd me hence,
 I smell the morning air !---

* Mr. Durnford, one of the Justices of the Peace to whom John the Painter made his confession. But he declared he made no prayer for the Royal Family, as afterwards related by James Gambier, Esq; for he thus exprested himself,---“ I early in my life “ went to America, and when I found that England was exercising such unnatural “ oppressions on her Colonies, I came over individually, resolv'd to perpetrate every “ evil against the kingdom. I am a Republican in sentiment, and I hate all Kings “ of all denominations.”

Temple awake,---thy pillow turn,

For thorns are planted there.

Now through the streets the milk-maids scream'd,

And *Temple* rais'd his head;

Pale was the Wight, and his long limbs

Shook as he left the bed.

He hy'd him to the glittering Court,

On legs as small as canes;

And in the circle to the King,

Pour'd out these dolefull strains.

" Forgive the tremour of my tongue,

" But O, my gracious Liege,

" I have a tale will wound your ear,

" And all your soul besiege.

" Cause your lank hairs to stand an end,

" Like fretful Porcupine:

" Freeze all the Courtiers of your ring,

" Make Maids of Honour pine.

" If

" If there's a creature round your throne *High Heav'n* "

" Who fears nor God nor law, " W. "

" I beg your Majesty's commands, *Lord-Bishop* "

" May bid him to withdraw. " M. "

Sir Clement Cotterell, by command of the Queen* I "

Two wicked Lords address'd me, " W. "

S----- and L-----, says he, " What say you? " A. "

Retreat---be not depress'd. " C. "

Such pointed satire at these Peers, to abus' M. and A. "

Made their warm blood to rise; " T. "

Says L-----n, we pray to stay, red to what you've done A. "

We've God before our eyes. " W. "

Then *Temple* thus the Throne address'd--- " E. "

Low bowing to the earth: " H. A. "

" Most Gracious Sovereign, wise and good, " H. "

" Great enemy of mirth. " H. "

* The Master of the Ceremonies. " H. "

D

" Last

" Last night about the midnight hour,

" When all my household slept;

" Not crook'd-back Richard tost in dream,

" Not half so sorely wept as yeM."

" I wak'd---and heard a hollow groan---"

" When lo! my curtains drew;

" And John the Painter's palid form,---I haie ---"

" Conspicuous stood to view."

At this the Maids of Honour scream'd,

The virtuous Queen* withdrew,

And every lady of her train,

Was chill'd with deadly dew.

Excepting one of mettle high,

And T-----+ is her name, d woI

* It hath ever been a custom with the world to speak highly of this amiable Princess.

+ A lady celebrated for her wit and prowess, and no ways inferior in either to the Pucelle D'Orleans.

Une beauté douce comme un mulon;
Mais Jeanne D'Arc eut un Coeur de Lion.
Et le plus grand de ses rares travaux,
Fut degarder un an son pucelage.

Says

Says she, shall I from Goblins fly,

I know nor fear or shame.

At that, Lord *Temple* turn'd around,

And made a lengthen'd bend;

" I do rejoice---sweet *Bridget* fair.

" That you've no cause to mend."

His Lordship then his tale renew'd:

" My Lords, blue, red, and green,

" Ye all had look'd as pale as me,

" Had ye the goblin seen.

" 'Twas in the dead and darksome hour,

" My Lady by my side;

" When, lo! the spectre did appear,

" And thus it mournfull cried:

" *America* shall victor be---:

" What hath your Counsels done?

" You've blighted now the fairest Isle,

" That bloom'd beneath the Sun.

" For

" For a poor shrub of *China's** clime,

" A civil discord raise;

" England, those whither'd roll'd up leaves,

" Will make no wreath of bays.

" Ah, *Temple*, fly to *George* thy King,

" Tell him the fates resolve;

" Unless he breaks the P-----,

" His kingdoms will dissolve.

" *George* + *Grenville* wife---thy brother true,

" Stands on my pale right hand;

" And sure a wholesome Bill he drew,

" To purge this venal land.

* Tea, a native of China, which the English P-----endeavoured to make the people of America drink, first making them pay a tax of two shillings in the pound. This tax would have produced 32,000l. a year, out of which 16,000l. would have been swallowed up by the gatherers; therefore, to inforce this tax, Britain had recourse to arms, and after a sea of blood had been spilt, 25,000 men destroyed, 24 millions of money expended, in the month of March 1777, she found herself in possession of Long Island, New York Isle, and about 25 miles of Continent. Now, if the rest of the thirteen Provinces cost as much money, and as many men to conquer them, in what condition will the constitution of England be in?—As certain as light succeeds to dark, America will establish her point, and sing TE-DEUM, in spite of the tax on Tea.

+ His excellent Bill for preventing Bribery at Elections,---but tho' it hath hitherto failed in its effects, yet it shewed the good intention of that able Statesman.

" *Lord*

" Lord Chancellor York,* with gaping wounds,

" Makes a sad trio here:

" Oh on your knees implore the King,

" To lend a yielding ear--!

" Or France or Spain in dreadful league,

" The Colonies will join:

" And then, ye ne'er will see the face

" Of George upon a coin.

" All like a vision's baseless form,

" Shall vanish into air:

" Nor leave one wreck behind to prove,

" One city great or fair."

* The fatal end of this good man, is a stain to the annals of the times in which it happened. He sunk under the sting of remorse, having accepted a place, at the peculiar solicitations of a certain great man, contrary to the avowed promise he had made his friends.

At this---in one tremendous groan
 The Courtiers sunk to earth; ^{W.M.}
 His M----- maintain'd his state,
 And show'd his usual mirth. ^{W.T.}

Awhile---in sullen fear repos'd,
 Like Bayes's* troops they lay ^{W.T.}
 Then as electrified they rose.
 And adverse ran away. ^{W.G.}

The vacant Chief was left alone,
 To talk to vacant air. ^{W.H.}
 He turn'd upon his royal heel,
 Big with the clouds of care. ^{W.C.}

* Bayes's Troops, have a sort of suppleness fitted to the disposition of Courtiers.

At that, gay Lady Bridget flounc'd,
 To see the men such Bears*---
 When a white-powder'd Page† appear'd,
 And handed her down stairs.

* A familiar expression of her Ladyship's to men who are rude in manners, and inattentive to her wit and charms.

† There are diminutive, tiny things about the Palace, called *Pages*, which are employed to run about the town, and glean entertaining fables for the amusement of their master. These Pages are made up of powder, pomatum, and silk; and they laugh, and smile, and can say yes, or no,---but never to the purpose. They are early instructed in fables, and they deal in no other art or science.



¶ 3

„Eonach tréibh E ghlac liu agus a

...“ aonach d'fhearr moimhín eol a T

„B'fhearrfaidh T. L'is bwoq-ctidh a náidhW

...“ aonach d'fhearr moimhín eol a T

B'fhearrfaidh ni aonach d'fhearr moimhín eol a T

...“ aonach d'fhearr moimhín eol a T

...“ aonach d'fhearr moimhín eol a T

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